he spent the summer on my side but he was gone when autumn came by Amarus

Category: Danny Phantom
Genre: (not sure if i'll make it romantic or not, M/M, Striking Fear, badger cereal, i'm thinking about making this into series, the other part would include him getting to know him better, this'd be danny reaching for the phantom and learning to communicate with him, this'll probably be more of the badger cereal category than pitch pearl or striking fear, we'll see)
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Summary:

Danny has to spend a month living with Vlad. Accidental walk-ins and hilarity ensues.

[Striking Fear, Badger Cereal]

Relationships: Danny Fenton & Danny Phantom, Danny Fenton & Vlad Masters, Vlad Masters/Vlad Plasmius
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Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

> warnings: face fucking, oral sex (dubcon at one point?? VERY LIGHT, Plasmius just won't let Vlad pull off his dick), underage as in an adult man gets off on a boy accidentally walking in on him and his partner

Great. As if it wasn't bad enough that Vlad had somehow wormed himself into the family during these years, now it had to manifest in truly devastating fashion: half of Danny's vacation was going to be wasted at the Cheese Mansion with the fruitloop and his thousand and one self-portraits.
It went like this: Maddie and Jack were invited to hunt ghosts in Europe. Jazz was already old enough to live on her own with her girlfriend and even if she had agreed to watch over Danny, their apartment was way too small for one more inhabitant and therefore it was impossible. After lengthy discussions, where they conveniently didn't listen to a word of what Danny said, they reached a conclusion: they had to find a supervisor for Danny.
How his dad's first idea was to send Danny at Vlad's was beyond him – especially since both of his parents knew his distaste towards the man -, but even after multiple fights and Danny's protests of handling a month on his own perfectly well, they had gone through with it, sitting him in a plane a day before their trip.
The only thing that consoled him was that with Sam traveling with her parents ("France, ugh. Do you know how many goths there are here in this Snobbyville? Let me tell you: *none*!") and Tucker going to a camp, he would've been all alone in Amity Park anyways.
But still. *Vlad.* Ugh.

Rising out of the limousine, he thanked the quiet driver, his "thank you" faltering on the end when the man dropped his suitcase on the ground only few cents away from his toes.
Danny had never met a servant that rude, and he gave him a dry glare.
As he turned towards the house, its empty windows and cold walls,

he sighed. *Of course* Vlad didn’t even have the common courtesy to welcome him. He had been relieved when the man hadn't been on the airport but the mansion creeped him out.
Walking up the stairs to the door, he tried the handle. Locked.
At this point, he frowned a little. Sure, Vlad probably took him in just to get on his mother's good side and to get an excuse to make his life a living hell, but he was still a "modern gentleman".
(Those were his dad's words and Danny grimaced. He couldn't understand his dad's infatuation with Vlad any more than Jack understood his hate towards the man.)

Glad with his ghost powers, he glanced around to make sure the offensive driver was gone before he stepped through.
Still nothing. In fact, the mansion was eerily quiet, the long walls looming over him and the hallways going on forever. For a second Danny wondered how lonely it must be, being the only person living in this enormous building.
No wonder the fruitloop had gone all loopy.
"Vlad?" he called out. When he received no answer, he sighed and put the suitcase down.
He hadn't visited Vlad in some time, so his memories about the mansion were a bit blurry as he walked down the hallway, wondering just where he should look for the man.
Vlad had to be home. That much was obvious. Maddie’s opinion on him mattered too much to him: he wouldn't welcome Danny in an empty house, especially when he knew how much his parents loved to baby him. In their eyes, it'd probably be as bad as neglect, Danny thought with dry humor.
That’s when his ghost sense went off, his ears picking up some noises. A grunt, small thump. Maybe Vlad was fighting? No, that couldn't be it. You couldn't fight quietly with ghost powers, it was impossible.

Curious and confused, he sneaked closer to the heavy wooden door. Ah. There the noises were again. He listened for a moment, his curiosity growing and without thinking about it, he grabbed the handle and opened the door.
The sight that greeted him made him freeze, his brain halting to a stop. Maybe he should've foreseen this, but the concept of Vlad getting laid was bizarre to him.
Vlad getting laid by his clone, however, was hundreds times more

bizarre.
When his brain kicked back into action, his first thought was “how can Vlad take it so deep” and the second “what the fuck am I thinking” before it zeroed on the third thought: "what the fuck".
Before him, in something that could maybe be called a study, were Vlad and his ghost side obviously in the middle of something. From his viewpoint from the door, he could see *everything*.
Plasmius sitting on a sturdy wooden chair, his thighs open wide, a darker shade of greenish blue hinting a flush on his cheeks. Vlad, half-dressed, with his shirt half-off him, kneeling between his legs, pink lips in perfect contrast with the cold blue of Plasmius' cock, his head bobbing up and down.
Plasmius seemed to be setting the pace, his fingers tangled in the long locks, pushing and pulling the same time his hips made tiny thrusts.
In other words, it was overwhelming. The smell, the sight and especially the noises.
The rough, guttural growls and grunts Plasmius let out with every thrust and the whiny, needy whimpers that left Vlad’s throat.
How Vlad could breathe, moan and not gag at the same time was a mystery for Danny.

He probably made a sound, or then the clone just happened to look up from where he had been staring down at Vlad’s face, because as he looked away from Vlad, red eyes were locked on him. Slowly, the clone smirked, looking him from head to toe before pointedly glancing down. As Danny followed his gaze he found himself half-hard, pressing against the confinement of his jeans.
With Danny’s dumb luck, of course the situation got hundred times worse just few seconds later. The pace of the thrusts suddenly slower and gaze fixated somewhere entirely else but Vlad, the millionaire had to notice that everything wasn't right. With a confused frown and Plasmius still almost throat-deep in him, he looked to the same direction as Plasmius and the second he saw Danny standing there, flushed and embarrassed, he paled.
He attempted pulling off, but the animalistic growl Plasmius let out made him freeze, his hands twitching on his thighs. Keeping the eye contact with Danny, Plasmius resumed the tight-paced thrusts, ignoring Vlad’s muffled complaints and faint struggles.
They probably had been there for some time already, because

Plasmius' expression got more and more strained before—-
Plasmius tensed, his back arching, and that was when Danny finally got his legs moving and escaped the room.

Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

> Warnings: ”morning after” (hehe puntastic), awkward conversations, crappy headcanons included, nsfw talk (as in peeenis talk), no smut here

As Danny fled the scene, his whole mind felt cluttered. It was no surprise that Vlad was sick, twisted individual, but *this*? This crossed so many fucking lines that Danny was feeling a bit nauseated.
Though he would've preferred to get out of the whole building, he didn’t go further than living room, unsure where “his” room was and not being stupid enough to go wonder outside.
One trip in the nature had taught him his lesson.
It took several minutes before Danny heard a door being banged open, accompanied with the too-familiar angry and raised voice, and as he looked away from the widescreen television, he saw Vlad walking past the open door with purposeful strides, obviously in a hurry. It was dumb luck that he happened to glance in the living room as he went, his steps halting as he saw Danny, relief washing over his expression. “Oh, Daniel, I’m so glad you’re still here. I was afraid you might've left…” he said with small smile. The smile wavered a little as Vlad noticed the way Danny looked at him, taking in the mussed hair, the pink lips and the flush. The rasp in Vlad’s voice didn’t help trying to forget what Danny had just witnessed.
Both of them seemed to get a flashback from few minutes back, Vlad’s lips wrapped around a cock of his ghost self, and Vlad adjusted his dressing gown uncomfortably.
Awkward silence fell between them, the man and the boy staring at each other.
Danny had never before seen Vlad so uncomfortable and nervous. It was unnerving and at the same time, very satisfactory. Almost like when Vlad was seething, watching his parents.
“Daniel, I-“
Danny cocked an eyebrow. Vlad bit on his already plump lower lip.
“-might I show you your room?”
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If the remainder of the day had been uncomfortable, it was nothing

compared to the next morning's breakfast. Just like Danny's parents, the millionaire was prone to ignoring Danny's protests - Vlad insisted on eating together, "like a family", as he said and tried to hide the hurt as Danny grimaced at the word.
There was something weird seeing Vlad like this, though, in a dressing gown, with his long hair in loose, messy bun. He almost looked like a normal human being, sipping on his morning coffee and reading the newest newspaper.
Danny was poking at his cereal, his mind still in the yesterday. He just… Couldn't understand it. He knew Vlad was skewed and a bit deranged, and maybe on the side of narcissistic but- but- yeah, okay, he got nothing.
It actually made sense in its own way, and that was probably most disturbing out of all of it.
Danny looked up as he heard Vlad clear his throat.
"Daniel, my boy" he started. Danny felt incredulous; were they really going to talk about that? He hadn't expected Vlad to even bring it up, never mind try to *explain* just what he saw yesterday. He wasn't sure he wanted to hear it.
"Are you going to try explaining me why you were going down on your clone? Because you can save it, it's still sick as fuck, man" Danny said, and he was delighted to see how uncomfortable Vlad looked, even as he frowned at him.
"I know that yesterday was confusing for you, but I can assure you, I was not, hm, "going down" on my clone, Daniel"
Danny cocked an eyebrow. "Uh, pretty sure it was your clone"
Vlad shook his head, folding his newspaper and putting it on the table. "The person you're mistaking for my clone is Plasmius"
Was he experiencing some kind of split personality disorder or something? He had seen Vlad make clones, had seen them transforming into a human or ghost. They were still his clones, even if they weren't identical at that moment.
"But he's you" He couldn't believe this even had to be pointed out. ""Plasmius" is literally you, just in your ghost form"
"Well, we do share few physical similarities-" Vlad started, but was interrupted by a cocky: "My dick is still bigger than yours" and Danny's ghost sense went off just before the clone walked in, taking the free seat next to Vlad.
It was different than facing Vlad because it had been the *clone* holding eye contact with him while, while uh, fucking Vl- Yeah,

Danny couldn't even form that sentence in his head without shifting in his seat uncomfortably. The knowing look in Plasmius' eyes as their gazes met made Danny glare at him even as his cheeks heated.
Danny almost missed how Vlad's expression turned scandalized in a nanosecond as Plasmius' words sank in, and he felt both amused and confused as Vlad turned to his clone. "My dear god, Plasmius, not in front of the boy!" the millionaire hissed. Was he blushing? Danny was sure that it was no trick of an eye, the dusting of pink spreading along Vlad's cheeks.
Wait.
Was he not controlling Plasmius? Surely the clone couldn't have a mind of its own. Danny's clones simply mimicked his motions or, if he paid attention enough, proceeded to do the things he willed them to do.
"Calm down, Vladimir, the boy surely won't break because of a few harmless jokes. He is 16, after all; not a child anymore" Plasmius shrugged, fishing a strip of bacon from Vlad's plate and biting it as he gave Danny an amused glance.
"16 is still a child, Plasmius. And even if he wasn't, there's no need to expose him to your crass humor" Vlad mumbled, slapping Plasmius' hand off as he tried to take a second piece of bacon.
Danny was just getting more and more confused by the display before him. They were acting almost.. Domestic. Almost like they were two different people.
Plasmius grinned at him, like he was reading his mind.
"You see Daniel, what you're failing to understand here is that me and Vladimir, we're two different consciousnesses sharing the same mind, it's as simple as that"
Danny's mind was blank as he blinked and Plasmius huffed, rolling his eyes. "Wouldn't believe you're from a family of geniuses.. *However*" Danny had opened his mouth to protest "because I'm a lovely fellow and Vladdie got super pissy at me yesterday after our.. Activities, I'll explain it so that even your brains can grasp the concept" he said, and Danny felt hot. He wasn't sure if it was because of the anger Plasmius' words made him feel or the memories from yesterday and he glanced at Vlad. The millionaire was simply looking at him back, his lips an unpleased line. Seemed like this wasn't what he had hoped when Plasmius had accompanied them.
"For a long time, we were tied together so tight we worked as one. I had barely any consciousness, waking up only when Vladimir

decided to transform into the form that represented me. It took some time, but gradually, I got stronger. I started to have my own thoughts and I could tell more distinctly where I started and he begun" he explained and by the bored expression on Vlad's face this was much more comfortable for him and also something he had heard already. "I couldn't communicate with Vlad, but I could, indeed, live through him. And then I started to notice that we started to share certain emotions and desires. I wanted ice cream, Vladimir, too, wanted ice cream. If I was frustrated of being stuck in a body where I was imprisoned, he, too, would have a bad temper. Years passed, I got stronger and stronger and, well.. One night, when Vlad was-"
Vlad seemed to startle over his thoughts and he cleared his throat. "I believe we can fast-forward past that night"
Plasmius huffed, but there was a smirk on his lips as he continued. "Well. After long, hearty discussions and some shrill screaming and few thrown objects" Vlad glared at him "we realized that this was just a new side of his ghost powers. Alas, I took my own identity and my own name. And since being stuck in that human body is dull.." he shrugged. "When I'm able to uphold my physical form, I prefer using it"
"But… How does that even *work*?" Danny asked, frowning as he tried to figure it out.
His Phantom side was part of him, not one independent unit. He could feel him when in his ghost form, but they never had conversations; it was more complicated than that. He wasn't even sure if he *could* have conversations with his Phantom side.
Vlad seemed to notice just how lacking Plasmius' explanation was, and he sighed, setting his coffee cup down and dabbing his lips with a napkin.
"Don't understand him wrong. We're not.. We're not two different persons in the traditional sense of the word. We're still two parts of a whole. Two halves, if you may. When Plasmius is out of me, I have only the most basic ghost powers accessible. I'm dependent on him and he's dependent on me" he glanced at Plasmius before looking back at Danny. "I'm fairly certain that if one was destroyed, the other would cease existing too"
Plasmius nodded, taking advantage of Vlad's absent-mindness, taking his orange juice and sipping it. "Vladimir is right. If we're separated for too long, I'll become unstable. I can't stay out of him for more than few hours at time or I'll vanish"

"And when you say "out" you mean as in..?"
"Daniel!" Vlad looked and sounded aghast, completely shocked that “his” badger would imply such things and Plasmius laughed.
Danny cocked an eyebrow. “*What*? You’re the one fucking your evil ghost side! I’m allowed to make few jokes!” Danny protested and Plasmius’ laughter halted, the ghost pursing his lips in mock pout. “Your words wound me. Actually *I’m* the one doing the fucking. Vladdy here is-“
"That’s about enough, thank you Plasmius!" Vlad said with loud voice and this time there was no doubt of it: Vlad was blushing, the pink spreading on his cheeks to his neck and Danny could sympathize a little. He didn't himself even want to hear what Plasmius was going to say.
"I think it’s the time for you to leave" Vlad said, his tone more level now, but still angry and embarrassed. He wasn't looking at Danny anymore, the red tinting the tips of his ears.
Plasmius looked at Danny, shrugging his shoulders and tilting his head a little in the fashion of “what can you do” before his outlines started to blur. it was actually cool as heck watching how he vaporized into redpurple-ish smoke, the wisps of it disappearing inside his human’s body.
Danny was a bit reluctant admitting it, but this was by far the weirdest, most bizarre breakfast out of all the breakfasts he had ever had.
Taken into accord he had lived his whole life with a ghost hunter family, it was quite of an accomplishment.